

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courten*



ON BOARD THE CITIZEN STEAMER.

LOMBARDY COURT:

A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.—THE LAUNCH.

"And with a voice that was full of glee
He answered, 'Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea.'"
—*Longfellow.*

THE party which assembled to witness the launch
of the new ship building for Goldie Brothers

No. 1383.—JUNE 29, 1873.

was a very large one. A steamer had been hired to take them down the Thames, and Captain Chubb, as he stepped on board, could not refrain from a joke about the Penny Citizen and the call-boy. He was glad, he said, that he had not been obliged to apply for the command of such a vessel, for he should certainly not have found himself equal to the navigation. There would have been a collision before it had been a day under his orders; and he feared he should not have come out of the matter as creditably

PRICE ONE PENNY.

as he did from the loss of the *Daphne*. Ocean navigation, he confessed, was a joke to the difficulties above bridge and in the Pool. It was touch and go everywhere, darting in and out, ease her, go ahead, move astarn, stop her; and the clever little craft with her clever commander, and the sharp little call-boy, and the man at the wheel, to say nothing of the unseen agencies below, managed so well together that a fish could not have done it better. Nevertheless, the captain, who did not know what it was to be nervous at sea, was often in alarm during that short voyage, not only for himself and those with him, but also for the boats and wherries which crossed their course in the most daring and wanton manner, as if they wanted to be run down, or cracked like nuts between colliding steamboats.

Assembled on the deck was the entire establishment from Lombardy Court. They had all taken shares, as they called it, in the business, and looked upon themselves as part owners of the new ship; and they were going to inspect it with feelings of pride and pleasure such as they had never experienced in regard to any other of the craft belonging to their firm. The partnership project had made considerable advance, and included a great deal more in the way of detail than had been at first proposed. The "limited liability" remained the same. Captain Chubb's fears that they were to be all masters had been dissipated. The same relations were to be maintained between employers and employed as in all other contracts; salaries and wages, the usual and necessary money for money's worth, were to be paid and received exactly as before; but every man or boy employed by the firm was to have the option of investing a portion of his earnings to be used by the firm in common with their own capital, and to receive a proportionate bonus for it in lieu of interest, according to the rate of profits every year. So much has been already stated; and there was to be no departure from this plan. Any man could withdraw his deposits after due notice, or direct them to be applied to the use of his family at home. There were to be some improvements also in the Intelligence Department, so that any person interested in the ships or in any of their crews might obtain without difficulty the latest information as to their whereabouts, and hear all news concerning them; and it was whispered that the ladies of Mr. Goldie's family intended to keep themselves well posted up in this department, and to communicate, as occasion might require, with the friends and families of the seamen, with whom they were to be on "visiting" terms, so as to render help and comfort during the absence of their husbands or children on the deep.

There were other plans in contemplation. Mr. and Mrs. Goldie had held many a serious and anxious conference on the subject of the deep mutual attachment which, it could no longer be doubted, existed between their daughter and Charles Peterson. The young people had been allowed to meet once or twice, and though they behaved to one another at first as if they had been almost strangers, that state of things soon passed away, and then it quickly became apparent to Mr. Goldie and his wife that any attempt to keep them apart would be useless or worse than useless. Charley had so much to tell of his adventures, and told it so pleasantly and well, and Amy had so many questions to ask, and asked them so tenderly and simply, that if they had not cared

much for each other before their sympathies must have been awakened now, and the old, oft-repeated story would have been capped with one more modern instance.

"She lov'd me for the dangers I had passed,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them."

But this "witchcraft" was unneeded, and served only to confirm the bonds by which their hearts were already drawn and knit together. Mrs. Goldie therefore yielded to the force of circumstances, and gave up the ambitious hopes which she had entertained for Amy. She had never much enjoyed the peculiar circle of society to which, for her daughter's sake, she had aspired, and was satisfied now to think that Amy would secure as good a position in life as her own, and to hope that she would be as happy in it. A certain period must elapse, a year at least, and then if the young people should continue in the same mind, of which there could be very little doubt, it was understood that the question of partnership, domestic and commercial, should be seriously entertained. Mr. Goldie looked upon it as settled already, and waited with much satisfaction for the time when Charles Peterson should be admitted to share with him the responsibilities of the firm, and relieve him in some measure from his duties in Lombardy Court, which at his age were beginning to be burdensome. Charles had put in a plea for his elder brother, and the old merchant, knowing how much depended upon John Peterson's efficiency and knowledge, had agreed to consider his claims also to a share in the business when the proper time should arrive. The firm would then be Goldie Brothers, not in name only, but in reality. Mr. Jones, who was taken into confidence, and gave his warm adhesion to these plans, rejoiced to think that Lombardy Court would continue to flourish under such happy auspices, and to carry on business as actively as ever "in both worlds." There would be a new set of books, of course, but no new system of book-keeping, and the old accountant hoped that he should himself continue at his post long enough to see them well started, and to leave them to future members of the firm as fair and creditable specimens of what books ought to be.

While we have been describing these plans and prospects with which the minds of many who were on their way to witness the launch of the new ship were occupied, the steamer which carried them has been threading her way among barges and wherries and tugs, and homeward-bound merchantmen and steamships, and "watermen" and "citizens," and a variety of other craft too numerous—a great deal too numerous—to mention, and the company are all in the highest spirits, and beginning already to look out for the shipbuilder's yard and for the vessel—as yet without a name—which is to make her first venture upon the waters this day. Conspicuous among the party are Mr. and Mrs. Goldie and their daughter, Mrs. Peterson and her two sons, Captain Chubb and Mrs. Carlton, and, of course, the commodore. Sally Battles also is there, clinging to her friend Jack Salter, in constant fear of a collision, and wondering how ever anybody can venture on the sea when there are so many dangers on the river. No one could be surprised at ships being run down upon the ocean when even the river was so thronged with them. She hoped Jack would not go to sea in one of them little vessels, and that he would be very careful whatever ship he sailed in, and that the sweet little cherub he

had talked about would always take care of him. And as she spoke she looked up at the masthead where the flag was flying, as if she half expected to see the little cherub perched up there. Mr. Upperly also was present, in charge of certain hampers, looking very important, and showing himself highly indignant when the commodore addressed him as steward of the *Swallow*, which happened to be the name of the boat in which they were embarked, as well as of the particular department over which Mr. Upperly was to preside.

It was a lovely day; a gentle breeze met them as they steamed down the river, and gave full play to the flags and streamers with which the boat was decorated. Only a few of the passengers quite understood why, as they steamed past a certain part of the river near the East India Docks, the union-jack was dipped half-mast high, but it was observed that the Petersons and others of the company were very grave and quiet, and the hum of voices round them ceased for a time in sympathy, so that there was quite a solemn silence for some minutes. But the flag went up again presently, and the vessel kept on her course with fewer interruptions now, and all on board her soon regained their spirits.

"Is that the ship?" cried Sally Battles, as they approached an Indiaman anchored in the stream, ready for sailing.

"What ship?" Jack asked.

"The ship that you are going to sail in along with Captain Chubb?"

"Of course not; how could that be her? Why, our ship ain't launched yet, and that one's ready for sea. Look at the blue-peter!"

"Who? where? Is it that man with the blue coat? Is he the captain? Why do you call him Peter?"

Jack laughed at her as if he would split his sides, and Sally laughed with him, pleased to have said something which seemed to afford him so much amusement.

The next ship that Sally fixed upon for Captain Chubb was an old seventy-four, moored near Greenwich, and used as a training vessel; and when they came in sight of the hull of the real ship, lying high and dry upon the slips from which she was to be launched, Sally was incredulous, and could not be persuaded, by all Jack's eloquence, that such a thing as that could ever swim. "Why, she couldn't even stand upright without a lot of posts and props all round her," Sally argued, "and she has got no masts, nor ropes, nor nothing." She was gay with flags, however, and when the company had gone on board there was plenty of room for them all to roam about, "upstairs and down," though many of the builder's friends and workpeople were there before them, waiting for the appointed time and tide. She was a fine ship, Captain Chubb declared, after he had inspected her in every part; roomy, lofty between decks, fine outline; just his idea of what a ship ought to be. She was bound to make good weather and to sail fast, he thought, looking at her taper bows and well-shaped cutwater; he would have an eye to the rigging himself, and to all the details of her equipment. He could say anything he liked to the owners, that was a great advantage, and might turn out to be for their benefit as well as for the comfort of himself and crew.

Reggie Carlton followed the captain about wherever he went, and entered into all the merits of the

ship with almost as much appreciation as the skipper himself. There was only one thing that troubled him, and that was the thought that he would not be able to sail in her himself at present. It had been decided that he must go to school. School! how he shrank from the thought of it. He had had some experience of school two or three years ago, and did not remember it with much pleasure. What a different life it would be from that which he had lately been leading on board the *Daphne*, on the voyage home, enduring many hardships which had done him no harm, and seeing so many strange and pleasant lands, and since then knocking about with the skipper in the Docks, anticipating all the while another departure for the Antipodes and another series of adventures, with none of the disasters and all the delights and pleasures of the last voyage; for childhood looks not back but forward, forgetting the clouds and remembering only the sunshine of its days! He did not trouble himself very much, however, in the prospect of "school;" he supposed he should settle down to it when the time came, seeing it was necessary for him. He had a few weeks to spare, at all events, and it was no use anticipating—he must not say—"evils."

Jack Salter had been doing the honours meanwhile to his sweetheart, Sally, showing her where the "kitchen" was to be, and introducing her to the cook and his dog Hop. She could hardly believe what he told her. Chalk and the one-eyed, three-legged terrier, and the little space for a dory where everything was to be cooked and washed up and seen to, were so entirely at variance with her ideas of what a kitchen should be, with its clean hearth and bright dresser, with a white-handed, white-aproned cook, and a comfortable family cat before the fire, that she could not but think that Jack was "yarning" her—that being the right expression for a sailor's wife to use. But she tried to be civil to Mr. Chalk, nevertheless, and the black man appreciated her civility.

Two o'clock. High water, or nearly so. The ship was ready now for launching. The ways were well smeared with grease, most of the blocks and wedges had been already driven out, and men were standing ready to knock away the dog-shores that she might be free to move. The company were assembled on the upper deck, and there was silence, all standing round, uncovered, while a portion of Scripture was read. It was the 107th Psalm, descriptive of the providence of God exercised in behalf of those who "go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; who see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep; who cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivereth them out of their distress, for He maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they are at rest; and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

Some of those who stood there listening to these words felt their hearts swell within them at the memory of the past, and were comforted in the assurance of the same goodness and mercy to follow them in the future. Their thoughts went up to heaven, with a grateful fervour which could find no utterance in speech, in response to the exhortation four times repeated in that "good and pleasant" psalm, "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men!" A prayer followed

to Him "who alone spreadeth out the heavens and ruleth the raging of the sea, and who has compassed the waters with bounds till day and night come to an end," beseeching Him to bless the work of their hands, and to watch over all who should sail over the great deep in that ship, and to lead them safely on their way from land to land, delivering them from the stormy wind and tempest, and bringing them again in safety to their homes. Thanksgiving was offered also for the mercy that had prevailed so far in protecting the builders and workmen from accident to life or limb in their arduous and often perilous labour; and a blessing was invoked upon all who had been concerned with it in the past or should be in the future.

When this had been done all was ready. Amy Goldie went towards the bows, trembling a little, but pleased with her appointed task, and well-supported by her friends, her father and Charles Peterson being at her right hand and her left: a bottle of champagne, suspended by a cord, was placed in her hands, and the signal given by firing a gun; and then, as she dashed the bottle against the bows, she pronounced the name in a loud and clear voice, heard distinctly over all the deck, "THE COMMODORE!"

At this moment the eyes of all spectators from the neighbouring standpoints were riveted upon the stern of the ship. The noise and bustle which had till lately been conspicuous among them was hushed. Silence reigned, profound and breathless, broken only by the voice of the foreman now and then giving his directions. The last of the dog-shores had fallen, and the huge fabric lingered still upon the spot on which she had grown up, bit by bit, as if loth to quit it. Never, when once the fatal plunge shall have been made, will she return to the solid land, except it be to her own destruction—to be stranded upon some hidden rock, or, when worn out with age and labour, to be broken up and scattered about in fragments. Almost one might have fancied that the mighty structure, so firmly knit together, so strong in the smooth copper sheathing, the close-fitting planks, and regular display of well-caulked seams, was endued with reason and reflection, and was pausing on the threshold of her life with a far-seeing look into the future. But she has made up her mind, deliberate and cautious, but at the same time bold and resolute, a type of those who are to rule and govern her hereafter. She moves, slowly at first—so slowly that those who stand upon her decks feel no disturbance. Some of the workmen are advancing to strike at the remaining wedges, but it is unnecessary. Two or three voices in the crowd call out, "She moves! she moves!" Others take up the cry; and now it is evident that she is gliding down the ways. Faster, faster, faster! Now she is at the water's edge; she touches it, she plunges boldly into it! There is a mighty shout; a huge wave springs up under the ship, parting to right and left; she rises through it, and rides gracefully upon the surging waters.

Before the first emotion of wonder and delight can find expression, loud cries of terror and alarm arise from the spectators. A boat has been swamped; others are in danger. They are so rash, those watermen, they will go too near; and the river, just where the huge ship has burst into it, is like a whirlpool. Hats without heads, and heads without hats, are seen floating about, and half a score of jackets fly off here and there, and as many brave men

plunge in to the rescue. Others stand watching, ready to help, if need be, till they see that all are safe. Then cheers arise on all sides for the gallant rescuers, and they and the men who were swamped, and who have all "got very wet," are patted on the back and greeted with laughter and applause as they reach the land, while the band, which had been playing "Rule Britannia," now strikes up "See the Conquering Hero comes."

By this time Sally Battles, who has been clinging to her Jack with both her hands, and wishing she had never come into such perilous places, wants to step ashore again, but wonders however she shall get there, finding to her astonishment and dismay that they are "swimming on the river and going she don't know where." Boats are approaching to convey the whole party to the land; but Captain Chubb is loth to quit the decks, and goes about picturing to himself and pointing out to others how she will look when the workmen and riggers shall have completed their operations, when her masts shall be stepped, her shrouds rattled down, her rigging all at aunt, her yards crossed, and her sails bent. Many hearts are full, as similar thoughts come over them, memories of the past, and forecasts, not without some forebodings, of the future. The merchant is speculating, it may be, upon the cargoes which this ship will carry and the voyages she will make, the money she will cost him and the return she is to bring. But he is not unmindful of the life and blood she is to carry also; not unmindful of the life and spirit, the energy and patience, the skill and courage, which will direct her course over the great waters, steer her among shoals and quicksands, and fight her through storm and tempest; not unmindful of the human affections, the yearnings and anxieties, and hopes and cares and fears, by which those who navigate her will be animated—yes, fears, which every brave man knows, but conquers; not unmindful of the devotion which will prevail, as the owner of that ship has good reason to know, over every other motive, and set up duty first and above all.

The little commodore is wondering whether he will be allowed to make a voyage with his father after he has been at school a year or so, and is already keeping his watch in imagination on board his namesake, under the starlit skies in the tropics, or nestling under the weather bulwarks with Jack Salter, and listening to his yarns.

Some of those present are swallowing down their tears in silence, yet without bitterness, without any sharp pain in their regrets, resigned to what must be, and content to take the evil with the good, knowing that the one is only occasional, the other constant, and that the benefits for which we have to thank God are greater and more numerous beyond all calculation than the light afflictions which we have to mourn.

Whatever course their various thoughts may follow, let us hope that they are all tempered with the same feeling of dependence upon a Higher Power, by whom all events are ordered, and all human efforts, honestly and truly made, brought to a good and profitable end.

There is a movement at last: the party are descending to the boats, and are being pulled ashore. There is a tent rigged in an open space near the builder's yard, and a great "luncheon" laid out, and places for all the company, who, if they make fair use of their opportunity, will want no dinner after it. The

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band is playing "Oh the Roast Beef of Old England," and the roast beef is there upon the tables, standing up to be cut down, another type of John-Bull steadfastness and devotion to duty at all risks. And there are other viands in abundance, enough to victual a fleet. Grace is said; and the steward of the Swallow, as Reggie still persists in calling Mr. Upperly, uncorks his champagne, and healths are drunk all round, and the owners, and the builders, and the skipper, all are toasted.

There are not wanting some, however, who prefer to pledge the company in general, and the brave sea captain in particular, in a bumper of pure spring water, and are quite as sincere in their good wishes, and quite as hopeful of seeing them realised, as those who choose a more potent liquor. They would rather see the champagne bottle broken on the ship's bows, and its contents poured down outside, than run the risk of injuring themselves by an injudicious use of it internally, or of encouraging others by an example which may lead them wrong. Captain Chubb himself is a teetotaler on this occasion, for his brother Val has come up to town, bringing with him his quarter's rent, and his son Joe, to be present at the launch of the new ship, and they are sitting by his side, and the captain thinks it would not only be a great pity, but a shame and a sin, for which he never could forgive himself, if his weaker brother should be thrown back into bad ways for want a little self-restraint and self-denial on his part. So the captain sips his Adam's ale, as he calls it, and keeps his head clear and his brain cool, and thinks, if he can always get a glass of good fresh water to drink on board the Commodore, he shall never want to taste wine or spirits again, and half resolves to carry nothing of the sort with him in future, except by way of medicine. Val had made up his mind not to be tempted, whatever might happen; but it was easier to keep his good resolve while his brother "stood by him" than it might have been, perhaps, if the skipper had drank of the wine, however moderately. They were not a whit the less jolly at the feast in consequence of their abstemiousness, and were doubtless a great deal happier for it afterwards; and so, with the abstainers, as well as with the rest of the party, all went merry as a marriage bell.

Marriage bells will be heard, too, by-and-by, and the false proverb will again prove true, "It never rains but it pours." Three couples have been already told off to be spliced, some sooner and some later, but all in good time, no doubt. Captain Chubb and Jack Salter have not much time to lose; but Charley can afford to wait. Sally Battles would never have left Mrs. Peterson if that lady had gone on living quietly in Vernon Place, with never another servant but herself to wait upon her; but she had not felt at home since the changes which had been made in the establishment, and was lost among the other servants, "as thought too much of themselves," though, for her part, she was always peaceable disposed, and could live with any one,—"especially," as the commodore adds, slyly—"especially with Jack."

So Jack has taken a little house not far from Mrs. Chubb's that is to be (which is not far from Mrs. Peterson's that is), and has furnished it genteely for lodgers; and the two wives will comfort each other when their husbands are away, and the whereabouts of the ship Commodore will often be discussed, and her return expected with mutual congratulations and good hopes.

Thus the precious word spoken in Paradise is brought to its fulfilment every day, and each man in his own state of life finds "an help meet for him."

Three marriages to end with! And yet this is but a short story of every-day life, and was not intended to be a love story at all, but a tale of commerce and of duty. Yes; we cannot do without marriages. There is even more need for them now than there was when they were first instituted in the time of man's innocency. But lovers' vows and lovers' jealousies, lovers' smiles and tears, lovers' ecstasies and pinings, lovers' sighs and dreams, need not be told to all the world. Half of them are, perhaps, mere extravagances. If the words which lovers speak in their "fondness"—a word of conveniently ambiguous meaning—were written down, and they could read them afterwards in their more sober moments, they would, perhaps, be heartily ashamed of them. We have betrayed no such confidences of our friends in this history. Perhaps there were none such to betray. But, we doubt not, there has been sincerity and depth enough in their affection to hold them fast together with ever-increasing attachment and esteem unto their lives' end, and piety and faith enough to bring down a blessing from above upon their married life; and so we leave them.

A STRANGE SHOWMAN AT BATH.

A REMINISCENCE OF YOUNG DAYS.

WHEN I was a lad I served a seven years' apprenticeship to a tradesman in Bath, who bound himself to teach and me to learn the art and mystery of letter-press printing. Those were the early years of the century which has now grown so old, and the city of the hot springs and aristocratic invalids has undergone many changes during the weary years which have transformed the present writer from an active "lither lad" to an armchair-loving septuagenarian. At the time to which my memory recurs there stood in New Bond Street, on its south side and near the centre, a detached building, consisting mainly of a large room, from forty to fifty feet square, adapted indifferently well for public shows or assemblies, having a few small attics in the roof, and being flanked by one or two closets on the ground floor. The building was generally unoccupied during the summer months, but when the season set in, and sometimes rather before that crisis, it was pretty sure to be engaged either for some kind of exhibition or as an auction room, where goods of a description not usually seen at auctions were frequently put up for competition. Every season there was sure to be a sale of prints and engravings, among which were sometimes introduced specimens of lithography (and most frightful specimens they were), which was then a novelty, and was regarded much in the light of a curiosity. More popular was the sale of caricatures, consisting in good part of the works of Gilray and Rowlandson, and some of the earliest productions of George Cruikshank, mingled with others of an inferior kind, few, comparatively, being of a political character, and not a few of them being manufactured to suit the atmosphere of "the Bath," and containing very practical satires upon the then prevailing vices and absurdities. Better than either the print or caricature sales were

the sales of books, which, taking place three times a week, would sometimes continue for months together. The auctioneer was quite a genius in his way, and certainly possessed in perfection the art of pushing off his wares. He had no pulpit, but stood on a platform surrounded by confused piles of volumes, and would preface the evening's proceedings by a short discourse, seasoned with a few jokes, on the value of books and the advantages of studying them. Then he would make a sudden plunge at a volume, open it, as it were, at random, and declaim in admirable style a passage from a poem, or would recite with richest and most contagious humour a scene from some funny story, or, with touching pathos, some moving monologue from a tragedy, or some smart dialogue from a comedy. Thus he secured attention, and after a brief display of his really striking talent, would not unfrequently dispose of a score of copies of the work from which he had so eloquently quoted. I know not how it may have been with others, but I know that the good man had a good many of my spare sixpences, and I am conscious now, after the lapse of considerably more than half a century, that I may date much of my own regard for books, and my sense of their value, from the utterances of this original auctioneer, whose name I have forgotten, if, indeed, I ever knew it.

But exhibitions of various descriptions, as I have hinted, alternated with the sales by auction. There was the famous Kiu Khan Khruse, the wizard and the Hercules of his day, who would balance a feather on his nose while walking a minuet to his own fiddling—would throw a pack of cards in the air, and perforate with a pistol-bullet any card named while they were in the act of falling—or would lie on the ground under half a ton weight of solid rock and allow it to be smashed in pieces by sledge-hammers on his breast. There was the startling spectacle of Seeward's Fantoccini, in which wooden figures enacted to the life a series of domestic dramas, to the immense delight of audiences both old and young. There were panoramas, pœciloramas, and dioramas. There were orreries, and lectures on science, and performances, musical and other, by infant phenomena and prodigies. Then there would be occasionally some rare specimen of natural history—a porpoise, perhaps, caught in the Bristol Channel; a piece of wreck covered all over with ten thousand barnacles; a shark of thirty feet, disembowelled and dried, and so accommodating as to allow you to put your head in his mouth. There was Mr. Simon Paap, the dwarf, who spoke a dozen languages; and there was the Hungarian Giant, who could have swallowed the learned Simon at a meal. One queer exhibit, which I have reason to remember, was the head of a New Zealand chief (New Zealand was then just coming into recognition), tattooed over every part of the face, and so admirably preserved as to appear all but alive.

Why do I record all these trifling facts, or why do I remember them after the lapse of nearly threescore years? Well, you see, my master, the printer, lived close by this long-forgotten exhibition-room; and, living close by, he naturally did the printing for most of the various exhibitors, lecturers, conjurors, auctioneers, or whatever else the tenants for the time might happen to be. Doing the printing with true business-like regularity, my principal would have been glad if the various adventurers who employed him would have done the paying as regularly and punctually.

In this they were often sadly remiss, and it was one part of my duties—which part, by the way, I did not at all relish—to dun them every now and then for their arrears. I remember how very difficult it was to get anything out of the master of the Fantoccini, who had a bill of three seasons scored up against him. He was too funny and too fat to deal with, and would put me off with jokes instead of cash, and never could be led to imagine that my demands for payment were anything more than jokes. Still he would bleed an instalment sometimes, under protest, and though we lost by him in the end, the loss was not very great. As for the owner of the New Zealander's head, he never would or did pay anything—all the head brought in he poured down his throat—and he met all demands as so many insults, so that at last my employer sued him at law and got an execution against him. There was nothing of value to seize save the tattooed visage, and though that came into our possession, no advantage was derived from it. The ghastly thing was stuck up in the printing-office, where it was lost, and found some months after among the paper shavings in the well of the cutting-press. One night, on groping into bed—I was not allowed a candle—in the dark, I found my place occupied by the New Zealand chief, the head being attached to a bag of paper shavings, which represented the body. This was a trick of my fellow-apprentices, and was a standing joke against me for a long time. What finally came of the head I cannot positively say, but I have good reason for believing that the mistress of the house bribed the sexton with a shilling to deposit it in the churchyard of a neighbouring parish.

One day there came in a rather long manuscript in a strange hand, to be printed on quarto post, with a fly-leaf, for distribution as a circular. It was written in rather indifferent English, but had been corrected by the governor before it was given to me to compose. When proofs were taken I was sent with one to the show-room, with directions to wait and know if it were approved, and if so to bring it back with me. The circular called the attention of the nobility, gentry, and other inhabitants of the city of Bath, to an exhibition of a kind which they had never yet had the opportunity of witnessing—namely, a collection of Egyptian antiquities brought by the exhibitor himself from the interiors of the Pyramids and the burial-places of the contemporaries of the prophet Moses and the patriarchs. There were among the objects to be seen two mummies—one closely packed in the original cerements, and the other sufficiently unrolled to display the dried integuments and protruding bones of a woman who had died three or four thousand years ago. There were also some articles supposed to be part of the furniture of the toilet, though, with the exception of a rather rudely-shaped comb, few of them were easily recognisable as such. A stone coffin, or sarcophagus, partly covered with hieroglyphics, and one or two fragments of pictured scenes in outline on what seemed plaster, but might have been stone, made up the bulk of the exhibition. The several objects were neatly arranged in a sort of tent of dark baize at the end of the room, and were rendered conspicuous by the dark background. The proprietor was proceeding with the arrangement when I went in, assisted by a female whom I took to be his wife, and who busied herself chiefly by posing the dark-coloured drapery to the best effect. He was a tall, broad-

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shouldered fellow of muscular make, and evidently possessed of great strength; he appeared to be in the prime of life, and but for a somewhat anxious, not to say disappointed, expression which a good deal clouded his face, would have been accounted good-looking. He spoke tolerable English, though his accent was decidedly foreign and his speech not a little hesitating and diffident. He was pleased with the proof I brought him, and expressed his obligations to the printer for having corrected his faults of grammar.

On the following day the exhibition of Egyptian antiquities was opened to the public. But alas! archæology, if it was not a science totally unknown to the Bathonians, was one in which they took so little interest, that few indeed were those that came to admire the wonders offered to view. There was a prospect of utter and dismal failure, and the anxious expression of the proprietor, as I sometimes saw him standing at the entrance of the empty show-room, waxed more weary-looking and woe-begone. But shortly there came a gleam of sunshine. Good Dr. Wilkinson, one of the few local celebrities, a scientist in a small way, who occasionally delivered lectures at the "Rooms," visited the collection, and wrote a rather learned account of it for the "Bath Herald," the then fashionable Tory newspaper. This brought some of the fashionables and a party of the doctor's friends to see for themselves; and, of course, some of the would-be fashionables followed their example. The proprietor took courage, printed a thousand handbills for general distribution, and decked the dead walls with demy broadsides, partly in red ink. For a time there was a tolerable run on the mummies, but only for a time; they were not precisely the attractions to fascinate the wealthy invalids or the gay citizens; and again they fell, as it was inevitable they should fall, into neglect.

During the brief period of prosperity the burly proprietor called at the printing-office and paid his bill, giving orders for further printing, doubtless in expectation of further good results. These failing to accrue, he could not pay the second bill when in due course it was presented. My employer, who had "suffered" too often, sent me as usual to dun him for the money. I hated the errand, especially as I saw that my appearance was a stab to the feelings of the unlucky proprietor of the mummies, who would, I felt, have been but too glad to pay had he been able. One day, as I was hovering about the door, half determined to shirk my mission and forego my appearance for that once at least, he came out, and, touching me on the shoulder, led me a little way up the street. Stopping at a shop-window, as if attracted by some coloured prints, he said, with painful deliberation, "Your master thinks I shall not pay; it is not so. I shall pay, or he shall pay himself if he likes it better. I will like to see him, you tell him, if he shall come to me."

I delivered the message, of course, to the governor, who laughed at the idea of paying himself, asserting that he had no intention of accepting a slice of mummy in lieu of hard cash. He did pay himself, however, though not exactly in that way. Having called on the proprietor in accordance with his request, it was agreed on between them that the printer should send in an agent or receiver every evening at seven o'clock, who should sit at the payable and receive all moneys until the amount of the outstanding claim was liquidated. Of course it was to me, the youngest apprentice, *alias* the printer's

devil, that this agreeable office was delegated, and I had to discharge it accordingly, taking the place of the proprietor after he had vacated it at the hour appointed. I little thought, as I sat there on the look-out for stray sixpences and shillings (for it was "children half-price"), that the ill-starred owner of that neglected show was one day to fill so large a space in the records of science and archæological research, and to enrich the collections of this country with so many trophies of his knowledge and endurance. For it was the indomitable Belzoni himself that I was dunning for the small matter of a few pounds, and who was almost at his wits' end for the lack of the wherewithal to pay his way. The debt was finally cancelled, and not long afterwards the burly Italian bade adieu to Bath, carrying his relics with him to a better market. He was made of the right metal: often overcome, he refused to be subdued, and ultimately he may be said to have succeeded better than most of the men of resolve in carrying out the purpose of his life.

That big room, the scene of so many and various activities, vanished from the face of the earth some forty years ago, and a row of shops has long occupied its place. It was itself a printing-office for some years before it moved away, and, if my memory does not play me false, it finally figured as a second-hand museum or store-house of second-hand furniture.

BUNDELCUND AND ITS PETTY KINGSHIPS.

A TRAVELLER leaving Gwalior in a southeasterly direction has not journeyed many miles before he comes to the boundary line of Scindia's dominions, which at that place is constituted by a rapid river called the Sinde. Crossing it, which at certain seasons involves some slight difficulty, he enters the small native state of Duttiah, or Dattiyah, and with it the region of Bundelcund. For a little the road runs through a slightly undulating plain, and then winds among hills clad with fine forests, these last being quite a feature of this portion of India. Though Bundelcund possesses an area less than a third of that of England and Wales, yet it is traversed by three ranges of mountains, the Bindyachal, the Punna, and the Bandair chains. These give rise to various rivers which flow in a northerly direction, and make way, by more or less circuitous channels, to the Jumna. The province is rich in mineral wealth, the diamond on the one hand and exhaustless stores of iron-ore on the other being among its treasures. The population is upwards of two and a half millions.

With regard to its mediæval and modern history, it is believed that about a millennium of years ago, or in the latter part of the ninth century, the chief power in Bundelcund was wielded by a Chundel Rajpoot,* by name Chandra Varma. He and his successors are said to have had a wide domain, and to have raised the country to a high pitch of prosperity, but allowance is required to be made for exaggeration in the accounts given by the Hindoos of those "good old times." The Chundel Rajpoot

* Rajpoots (literally, "the sons of kings") are an aristocratic caste, or nationality professing to derive their descent from the Kshatriyas or Warriors of the Hindoo social hierarchy.

dynasty was overthrown in A.D. 1183 by a Hindoo potentate, Pirthi, Rajah of Ajmere and Delhi, and anarchy in consequence supervened for more than two hundred years. Then the Bundelas, who claim to be a branch of the Rajpoot race, appeared upon the scene, and established their domination in the distracted land, in consequence of which it received the name which it still bears of Bundela-Khund, or Bundelcund—i.e., the Bundela Country. A long and chequered struggle soon afterwards followed with the Mohammedan empire, which had its capital at Delhi, and the Bundelas, in order to cast the balance in favour of themselves, called the Mahrattas in. No people were readier than the Mahrattas to act on any invitation to enter a territory; none more reluctant to go out of it again when the work for which they were summoned was completed. They went to Bundelcund; they tried, as far as the warlike character of the Bundelas would permit it, to make themselves at home in the region; and where they succeeded they established a tyranny at least as bad as the one which they had been invited to break.

As any person of competent knowledge and penetration might have foreseen from the outset, the time came when the Mahrattas were found besieging the Bundela forts in place of aiding their occupants to repel the Mohammedan power. Their success was still but slight, when the English were drawn into the politics of Bundelcund. The Peishwa, the nominal head of the Mahratta confederacy, had engaged by treaty to cede to our Government territory sufficient to pay for a contingent of troops granted for his defence. He at first named certain lands in Southern India, but finally substituted for them a portion of Bundelcund. The district referred to had been half conquered by a Mahratta adventurer for himself, and not for the Peishwa; the tribute the latter had obtained from it had been simply *nil*, nor were the British likely to acquire either land or money without fighting both the Mahratta adventurer and the half-subdued Bundelas. Nevertheless, whatever the opinion of our Government may have been of the Peishwa's conduct in virtually giving a cheque on a bank in which he had "no effects," they accepted what was offered them, fought the adventurer's son, he himself having died, negotiated with another man of the same stamp, and thus took the first steps towards laying the foundation of their power in Bundelcund.

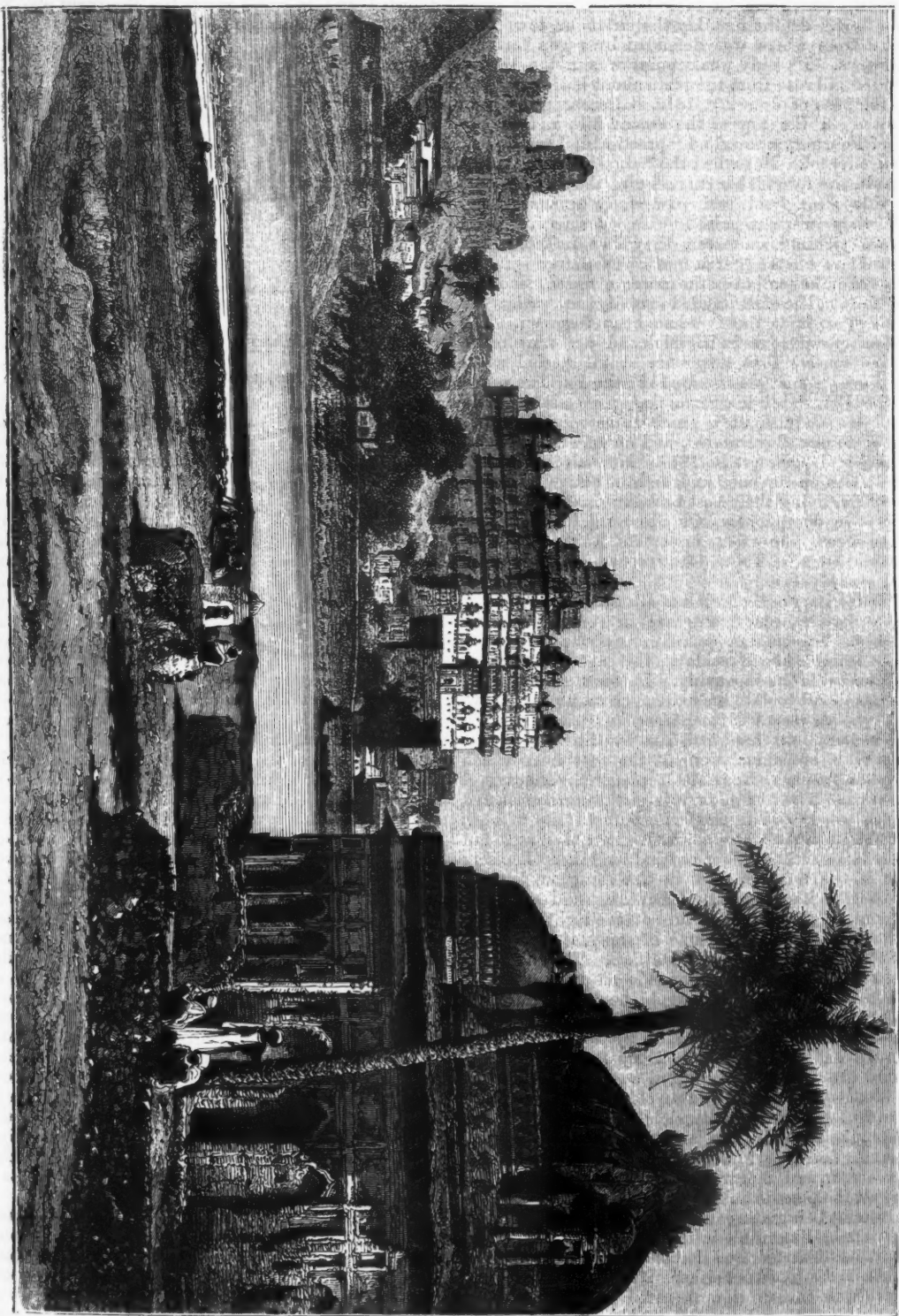
Within the limits of the small territory which they had acquired, there were found no fewer than 150 small forts, all with occupants, the most of whom had never learned what obedience to settled Government meant. Among those forts were two pre-eminent in size and strength, the one called Ajaygerh, and the other Kalinjar. So long as these remained untaken, the natives were certain to regard them as impregnable, and doubt if the British Government had the power to enforce its decrees in Bundelcund. Doubtless they saw it capture and demolish many of the smaller strongholds, but all this availed nothing as long as the two mightiest remained unassailed. What really held our Government back was in the main the feeling that it had no proper *casus belli* against the chieftains holding the two forts; but whenever the belief arises in any part of India that a fortification exists there which the British are unable to take, the commandant of the strong place, or the rajah whom he serves, is pretty sure ere long to afford the needed provocation, in order to enjoy the spectacle of the heroic foreigners defeated and humili-

liated. It is our firm belief that were there a single fortified place in India which our soldiers could not take, the moral effect would be such that nearly our whole Eastern empire would pass from under our rule. In 1809, about four years after the transference of the Bundela districts to the British, the necessity arose of reducing Ajaygerh by force of arms. When all was ready for the assault the place was surrendered, and then its commandant, Lakshman Dawa, who had given himself up as a prisoner, attempted to obtain back by supplication what he had lost by misconduct. "Life without reputation," he said, "was not worth preserving." His petition, therefore, was that the conquerors would either reinstate him in his old position, or blow him from a gun. They declined to do either, and he managed to preserve life, even without reputation, till the time when death came in the natural course of things.

A terrible tragedy, however, took place in connection with the fallen chief's family. He having suddenly disappeared and gone—the English did not at the time know where—it was thought needful to require his household to enter the fort as hostages for his conduct, promise at the same time being given them of kind treatment. Bajurao, the father-in-law, was requested to bring them, and undertook the task with apparent cheerfulness. After a considerable time had elapsed, and there was no appearance of his emerging from the house, a native officer entered to ascertain the reason of the delay. On approaching the door of the inner room he found it closed, and Bajurao sitting before it, with a drawn sword in his hand. Assistance having been obtained, the door was forced, when a horrible scene presented itself. On the floor there lay the dead bodies of Lakshman's mother, his wife, his infant son, and four female attendants. All had been murdered by Bajurao, it was presumed, with their own consent, as no scream and no sound as of a struggle had reached the outside of the dwelling whilst the dread tragedy was being enacted within. The close was in fitting harmony with the commencement of the sad transaction, for when Lakshman saw the door forced he drew his sword and inflicted on himself a mortal wound. In all probability the females who perished knew so little of the British as to suppose they would be ill-used if they fell into their hands, and the murderer was blinded by that overweening pride which possesses so many Highland chieftains in half-civilised states of society in Asia and other parts of the world. It should be added that his conduct was highly approved by the other Bundela chiefs, who said that, in similar circumstances, they would have done likewise. It is generally a mistake to take native families, especially containing females, hostages in India; indeed, it is questionable whether hostages of any kind are of much use.

The commandant of Kalinjar must have been, to a certain extent, overawed by the fate of his colleagues at Ajaygerh, but in the short space of three years the impressive lesson seemed to be forgotten. He systematically gave covert assistance to every predatory leader, and thus, in no slight degree, retarded the pacification of the country, in consequence of which it was no longer found possible to hold back from attempting his stronghold. It rose from a marshy plain as an isolated rock of about 900 feet high, the sides being abrupt, and rendered all but inaccessible by reason of dense jungle. At the base

PALACE OF BUBSING DEB, DUTTAH.



the hill was twelve miles in circumference, and at the summit, which was a table-land, somewhat more than four. At the foot lay the *pettah*, or town, the ascent from which was defended by seven fortified gateways. Its only weak point was that a second isolated hill rose from the plain about half-a-mile off. On the 26th of January, 1812, battering guns were planted on the top of the second hill, and by the 1st of February a so-called "practicable" breach had been effected. But when the troops advanced to the assault, the formidable character of the ascent to the terrible stronghold told powerfully against them, and they were repulsed with considerable loss. Before yielding, however, they had inflicted such destruction on the garrison that the latter feared a renewal of the combat on the morrow, and surrendered the fort. The fall tended greatly to pacify the country, as from the first had been foreseen. The British possessions in Bundelcund are now much more extensive than they were at the period when these events took place. In 1817 the Peishwa ceded to the British all his remaining possessions in the province. Jhansi, at a much more recent period, lapsed to our Government, and became the scene of mutiny and massacre in 1857. Now all is peaceful, the British on the one hand, and the native rajahs on the other, doing their best to maintain order in their respective dominions. Of these rajahs there are thirty-seven, the most important being those of Duttiah, Ourtcha-Tehri, Chutterpore, Punnah, Chircari, and Myhere.

The territory of the Rajah of Duttiah contains about 850 square miles. There are in it 380 or more villages. The entire population is about 200,000, of whom nearly a fourth reside in the capital, the place represented in the engraving. It is not an old town, but is believed to date only from about the fifteenth century. A recent French traveller who visited it had a bungalow assigned him by the rajah for his temporary accommodation, at the spot from which the photograph by Rousselet, copied in the engraving, was taken. The bungalow was picturesquely situated near a wood, and in the immediate vicinity of what may be taken on the engraving for a river, but really is an artificial *jheel*, or shallow lake. Looking from it the traveller saw in the foreground some tombs and date-trees (two of the former and one of the latter are visible in the picture on the right). In the centre was the *jheel*, only one of many, it may be remarked, in the vicinity of Duttiah. The view was taken when no boat was visible on the *jheel*, but numerous small craft, it should be added, navigate those fresh water lakes. Immediately beyond the *jheel* lay the town, surrounded by a wall which is founded on a rock, and is thirty feet high. Just behind the wall there rose from an eminence covered by houses and gardens, the old palace of a certain Bursing Deo, a famous Bundela bandit said to have lived three centuries ago, and whose exploits are now becoming decidedly mythical. Though the pile of buildings is vast, and the architecture splendid and elaborate, yet the place is uninhabited by man, its numerous apartments being surrendered to owls and bats. Another palace, discernible in the background of the picture, is also deserted, and that of the rajah, which is not visible, is distinct from either. How little the builders of the fine edifices now deserted would have been satisfied had they been able to foresee the ultimate abortiveness of their labours. Yet it is not only in India, it is in every part of the world, that the

mournful spectacle of once glorious buildings, now deserted and in ruins, meets the observant eye and saddens the mind given to reflection.

"Now Athens weeps her shatter'd fanes,
Thy temples, Egypt, strew thy plains;
And the proud fabrics Hadrian rear'd
From Tiber's vale have disappear'd.
We need no prescient sibyl there
The doom of grandeur to declare;
Each stone where weeds and ivy climb,
Reveals some oracle of Time;
Each relic utters Fate's decree—
The future as the past shall be."

THE HERALD'S COLLEGE.

AN ANCIENT ORDER IN THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.



HERE are certain ancient houses, libraries, museums, and such like places of interest in this huge city of London, which are but little known, and were they even familiar by name to many, would be accessible to few, an acquaintance with certain parties severally connected with them con-

stituting the only key of admission to the mere sight-seeking public. The Herald's College in Queen Victoria Street is one of these secluded treasuries of ancient, historic, and archaeological interest.

In our quest of the earliest records connected with the office of the Heralds, we must needs travel back to the twelfth century, when, attached to the court and person of the sovereign, they carried his missives to other potentates, and proclaimed both peace and war. In the time of Edward III Heraldry received its highest polish; and the country being divided into two provinces, "Norroy" governed the north, and "Surroy" the south. At this time many new families were classed among the gentry, and surnames were generally adopted, in imitation of the nobility, by the lower orders, which, for the convenience of identification, was encouraged by the Government. A man's trade, the implements of his labour, the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, colours, and so forth, supplied the people with names that were not hereditary, and with which no royal licence was granted to "bear arms;" for, till the reign of Richard III, in about 1483, the incorporation of the Heralds had not taken place. It was in this reign that they were empowered to grant coats of arms for new names, and in the next to hold "Visitations" all over the country.

At the time of their institution they were located in a mansion called "Cold Harbour," a name by which some other places were known, but in this case a building erected on the banks of the Thames, between Blackfriars and St. Paul's Wharf, by Sir John Poulteney, four times Lord Mayor of London. It was at first styled "York Inn," then "Poulteney's Inn," and lastly "Cold Harbour," a name suggestive of

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a comfortable abode, but belying its actual character. When this inn fell, as it did, to the crown, Richard III bestowed it on "Garter King-of-arms" (then Sir John Wriothesley) in trust for the residence of the college. In the reign of Edward VI their privileges were much enhanced, and on the succession of Queen Mary, she and Philip of Spain removed them from Cold Harbour to Derby House, on the site of which the present college now stands, and which was bestowed on them under charter.

This Derby House was the palace of the Stanleys, built by the first earl, the father-in-law of Henry VII, who lived and died there, as well as his son George, having been purchased and transferred to the crown by Thomas Duke of Norfolk, Earl-Marshal of England. In subsequent times, Edward Earl of Derby exchanged the palace with Edward VI for lands adjoining his park at Knowsley, Lancashire, and at that period it was Queen Mary presented it to Dethick, Garter King-of-arms, and his brother Heralds, as their residence and office. And certainly the gift was well bestowed, for in these and earlier times their duties often led the brave knights into most dangerous services outside the sheltering walls of their sanctum, and sometimes cost them their noses, ears, and even their heads!

The ill-omened year 1666, which brought with it the Plague and the Fire, deprived the illustrious college of its seat; for the ancient mansion of the Stanleys on St. Benet's Hill was swept away. Happily the records were all preserved and taken to Whitehall, Charles II sending his own carriages to convey them to the palace, where the Heralds remained in residence till the present college was built for them on the site of their former home. Dugdale built the north-west portion at his own expense; the rest of the building was erected by other members of the body, and Sir Christopher Wren was the designer and architect. Eight years ago the building was in the form of a quadrangle, but the foundation of the street from Blackfriars Bridge to the Mansion House caused the removal of the southern side. In Wren's time it was entered by an archway in the west wing from Benet's Hill; but when the south side was removed it was built up. I must now conduct the reader to the stately mansion, as it now appears, built of red brick and stone-pointed. Three sides of the ancient quadrangle enclose a paved courtyard, shut in by handsome lofty railings, gates, and balustrades from the street. We cross the enclosure, and ascending a few steps, we enter the Earl-Marshal's court, or "Court of Chivalry," where questions affecting arms, pedigree, and honour used to be decided. The Earl-Marshal's throne and the arrangement of the court are unchanged; but a vast number of mss. and books, ever increasing in number, has necessitated the formation of presses. All round under the frieze there are shields of arms, those of the Earls-Marshal of England in succession since the Conquest. There are also several banners used at the coronation of George IV, being the successors of some more ancient, and a small collection of interesting portraits. Turning to the left as we face the throne, we find a library containing works of foreign as well as English genealogical history, all classified under the names of each country respectively. On the right of the court we enter the public office, or "waiting-room." Here we find one or two officers, who take it in turn to attend and answer all inquiries respecting pedigree, descent of title, grants of arms, royal licence for

change of name, and matters of ceremonial, precedence, liveries, etc. But the object of our visit being for the purpose of sight-seeing, the chamber, and not its occupants, engrosses our attention. Some magnificent wood-carving by Grinling Gibbons decorates the fireplace. There are shields of arms all round the walls, and six portraits, one being over the mantelpiece, respectively those of Sir William Dethick (Garter), Sir John Vanbrugh (Clarenceux), Sir John Dugdale (Norroy, the Playwright, Architect, and Herald, and son of Sir William), the Earl of Arundel (who bequeathed to the college the Arundel mss.), William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, and Henry Chitting (Chester Herald). In this room there is a very valuable and extensive collection of county histories and other works, which are necessary in many inquiries.

Leading out of this chamber to the eastward through iron doors, we reach the record-room, which is octagonal, and has a gallery round it, by which access is gained to the higher book repositories, or presses. Iron shutters guard the windows, this sanctum being the grand conservatory of all the most valuable records, mss., and other relics of the past. To give some idea of the vast collection of documents stored in this chamber, I may mention that there are some 500 volumes of the Heralds' Visitations, dating from 1528 to 1687. Then there are funeral certificates; records of all national royal ceremonials; royal and Earl-Marshals' warrants; licences for changes of name; grants of arms; old rolls of arms; pedigrees, all classified; records of founders' kin, etc. The largest portion of the mss. is comprised under the name of the "Collections," bequeathed by members, or purchased, the most valuable of which are the "Vincent mss." (Windsor Herald), about 500 folio volumes, bequeathed by Ralph Sheldon, whose portrait hangs over the south mantelpiece. In this collection there is a very fine heraldic ms. on vellum, said to have been compiled to teach the science to Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry VIII, a magnificent tournament roll of Henry himself, and a monkish ms. of the "Descent of the Saxon Kings from Adam!" Then there are the "Talbot Papers," the "Arundel mss.," and the "Rous Roll," being a pedigree of the Earls of Warwick, compiled in the time of Richard III.

It would occupy too much space to enumerate all the priceless work executed by the various Heralds, by which the right to hold both titles and property can be proved through many generations, and treasured up for the general good. Here are monumental inscriptions, wills, and arms, many beautiful in execution, and all documents of authority received in every court of law as evidence, and severally dating from the earliest times down to the present day. As mere works of art the illuminated mss. are well worthy of inspection; but to other treasures a few words of notice may be given. Here are the sword, the dagger, and the ring, taken from the dead body of James IV, on Flodden Field, by the Earl of Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk and Earl-Marshal. The date of the king's death from terrible wounds he received in consequence of the gallant, yet too reckless, way in which he exposed his person and fought hand to hand, was September 9th, 1513. The ring consists of a turquoise, oval in shape, and large enough to cover the little finger-nail of a small hand. The setting is very slight and quite plain, and it was evidently worn between two others, which have left great indentations, especially on one side. A refe-

rence to "Marmion" will give the history of this lady's ring, as it evidently was,—

"For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance," etc.

A foot-note explains that this ring was taken from her own finger, and sent in a love-letter, beseeching him to raise her an army, and invade England for her sake; and enclosing 14,000 French crowns to pay his expenses. The sword and dagger of the king may also be seen. The length of the blade is three feet three-eighths, and of the iron hilt 6 inches one-eighth. It is singularly light. The dagger was made to match the sword; the length of the blade is one foot three inches two-eighths.

Before leaving this room we must give a glance round the gallery, for depending below the railing are several portraits, as well as on the walls below; amongst them one of Brooke (Somerset), whose collection I should have named, but that of many illustrious Heralds I am obliged to omit all notice. The other portraits represent Hawker (Clarenceux); John first Earl of Shrewsbury, in his tabard; Sir Ralph Bigland (Garter); Peter Le Neve (Norroy); John Warburton (Somerset); Sir Gilbert Dethick (Garter), and others. There is also a bust of the well-known Mr. Planché (Somerset), antiquary and dramatist, at the same time the great authority at present on armoury and costume.

We have not yet seen all in this our imaginary survey, nor can I even describe half which I did myself see in this fascinating treasury; but I must conduct my friends still further, till we reach the basement of the edifice. Here there is not much to please the eye nor repay our researches, only a huge collection of evidences, correspondence, and valuables of this description, carefully stored and classified. The rest of the college is appropriated by the members for their private apartments and offices, where artists or painters and clerks carry out the works severally assigned to them.

"Garter" and "Windsor" have rooms facing the south, while those of the other members are in the wings. The porter's lodge is at the entrance of the west gate. He has a special dress, place, and staff at coronations; he seals the patents of arms, and attends to the officers in the House of Lords, with their tabards. The office of "Waterman" to the Heralds, which was formerly much in request, has fallen into disuse, trade having shut them out from the river, and their State barge existing no more.

And now of the venerable edifice itself, and all its treasures, I must take leave for a while, that I may introduce the several members of the learned body domiciled therein to my readers.

The highest in rank amongst them is the Earl-Marshall, whose office dates back to the Conquest, even according to existing records, and probably still earlier. In the order of precedence, he is the eighth great officer of State, and an earl by virtue of his office. His chief prerogative is to create the Kings-of-arms, under the authority of the Royal Warrant, an act performed at one time by the sovereign in person. The Duke of Norfolk is hereditary Earl-Marshall, and in that capacity formerly held his "Court of Chivalry" in the large public hall of the college.

The next in rank are the "Kings-of-arms,"

Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy. These officers wear badges, suspended round the neck by a gold chain. The first in precedence wears a blue badge, the last two purple. Henry V instituted Garter in the year 1417, and gave him supremacy over all other officers, styling him, "Garter King-of-arms of England." His special office is to attend at the solemnities of the election, investiture, and installation of the Knights of the Garter. To hold this rank he must be English-born, and a gentleman bearing arms. But while taking precedence of Clarenceux and Norroy, these latter held more ancient titles, their office in the State having existed from time immemorial. The title "Norroy" is a corruption of North-Roy, King of the Northern Provinces. That of "Clarenceux" was derived from Clarence, son of Edward III, in commemoration of whose birth the title was instituted, although the office dates much earlier under the style of "Surroy." The River Trent forms the boundary between his southern provinces and those of Norroy.

Taking the third rank, the Heralds, six in number, hold a precedence regulated by seniority. These knights bear distinctive titles, namely, "Windsor," "Chester," "Somerset," "Lancaster," "York," and "Richmond," and they all have apartments in the college.

The fourth rank is held by the Pursuivants, who are respectively entitled, "Portcullis," "Rouge Dragon," "Rouge Croix,"* and "Blue Mantle." These, like the Kings-of-arms and Heralds, holding offices amongst the most ancient and honourable in the State, are required to be persons of considerable erudition, "skilled in the ancient and modern languages, good historians, and conversant in the genealogies of the nobility and gentry."

The Kings-of-arms have authority to grant arms to those who have a hereditary right to bear them, and to invent and emblazon devices, as may seem most suitable in each individual case, to those who, having no such hereditary claims, may apply for that honour. The Heralds are required to wait in the public office during two months in the year successively, and the Pursuivants for three, to conduct the public business; and, amongst their duties, it is incumbent on them to regulate all ceremonies at coronations, royal marriages, funerals, and royal cavalcades. They also make proclamations of peace.

These officers are all on the sovereign's establishment as members of the household, and wear its uniform. The "tabard," however, is never worn excepting at the House of Lords in the presence of the sovereign, or on any great national or royal ceremonial.

The ceremony of creating a King-of-arms was once exceedingly imposing. When he took his oath wine was poured on his head out of a gilt cup with a lid, his title proclaimed, and he was invested with a tabard of the royal arms, richly embroidered on velvet; a collar of "SS" and roses between, with two portcullises of silver gilt; a gold chain with a badge of his office; and lastly, a crown adorned with oak-leaves, and with the following device around it,—

"Miserere mei Deus secundum magnam miserecordiam tuam."

While speaking of the dress worn by the Heralds the tabard must hold a conspicuous place. Writing in the year 1597, Spight informs us, in his "Glos-

* To the present "Rouge Croix," Stephen Tucker, Esq., the writer is indebted for valuable information in drawing up this brief paper.

sary," the time past by Heraldry, as it were, was applied to Henry V. sent on with the army, his own tabard, his helmet, St. George



The ex Elizabeth laid on the tabard is

In addition wears a sceptre. With the Pursuivants means of Collar of Its origin Meyrick, Earl of Dorset, wears badge of St. Sulpice.

There and Ireland arms pre Pursuivants arms pr number,

There such as the Secretary their own

The sum public, is search for reference shillings guineas; guineas, generat

sary," that "a jacket, or sleeveless coat, was worn in time past by noblemen in the warres, but now only by Heraults, and is called their coat of armes in servyse." According to Planché, the name "tabard" was applied to a long tunic, cloak, or mantle, and Henry VI was the first English sovereign represented on his great seal in a tabard, embroidered with the arms of France and England quarterly, and his own tabard used to be suspended, together with his helmet, sword, and gauntlets, over his tomb in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, but now destroyed.

their length. The painters' charges, done under the authority and supervision of the officers, are also on a regulated scale. The fees on a patent or grant of arms, including a £10 stamp, amount to £76 10s. For a royal licence for change of name, £94 13s., including a £50 stamp, if under the direction or request of a will or deed, and £54 13s. including the stamp, if a voluntary change of name. This latter is not sanctioned nor facilitated unless proper grounds be adduced for it. If the royal licence extend to change of arms also, the extra fees



William Zieger,
Portcullis.

Hunfrey Hales,
Blue Mantle.

Nicholas Paddy,
Rouge Dragon.

Richard Lea,
Richmond.

Robert Clair,
Somerset.

Robert Cooke,
Clarenceux King-of-arms.

PROCESSION OF HERALDS AT THE FUNERAL OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, 1587. TEMP. ELIZABETH.

Copied from a Roll drawn by Thomas Lant, Windsor Herald.

The explanation is this, that, at least in Queen Elizabeth's time, Pursuivants wore their sleeves laid on the breast and back; and on being promoted to be Heralds they wore them on their arms. The tabard is now only worn on occasions of great State.

In addition to the decorations before named, Garter wears a mantle of crimson satin, and holds a white sceptre surmounted by the arms of the sovereign. With the exception of the crowns, the Heralds and Pursuivants were invested with their dignities by means of similar ceremonies as the Kings. The Collar of "SS" consists of a series of this letter. Its origin is much disputed. According to Sir Samuel Meyrick, it is the initial letter of Henry IV when Earl of Derby, — *Souveraigne*. Amongst other conjectures we find the title *Seneschal*, the word *Swan*, the badge of the De Bohuns (1402), *Souvenance*, and *St. Sulpicius*, whose fête day is January 29th.

There are Colleges of Heralds both in Scotland and Ireland. Over the former Lord Lyon King-of-arms presides; and there are six Heralds and five Pursuivants; while over the latter Ulster King-of-arms presides; the Heralds being only two in number, and only as many Pursuivants.

There are other offices to be filled in these colleges, such as those of Treasurer, Registrar, Earl-Marshall's Secretary, and clerks, the various members employing their own assistants, painters, and writers besides.

The subject of fees, for work done in behalf of the public, is the next and last question. For an ordinary search for any stated pedigree, or arms, or for reference to a particular record, the cost is five shillings; a general search of the "Records" two guineas; of these and of the "Collections," five guineas. For copies of pedigrees, five shillings a generation; and of other documents according to

vary, according to circumstances, from £48 10s. to £66 10s. But while few wish to change their respective family names, many would like to restore the old spelling of the same, and the prefix, if any. For such a privilege the fees amount to £54 13s., the request going under the head of "Voluntary Applications." I fancy I hear some of my readers exclaim, "How expensive!" But you must bear in mind that the salaries of these Heralds are so small, their maintenance is mainly provided for by a share in these same hardly-earned fees. Suffice it to say, the salary of a "Pursuivant" is only £13 19s. per annum over and above his chambers and attendance in the college, representing about the same amount as the thirteen nobles allowed in Richard III's time.

In conclusion, and in fairness to a body to whom we all owe an obligation, of which comparatively few amongst us are aware, I must mention one important fact. Three centuries ago the Heralds brought about the institution of parish registers all over the country, through their representations to the Vicar-General, Cromwell, Lord Essex; a benefit so great, it should ever be remembered with gratitude; the more so, that by the establishment of all these registers they deprived themselves of much lucrative work, until that time entirely in their own hands.



CROWN AND COLLAR OF A KING-OF-ARMS.

TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES.

BY THOMAS COOK, EXCURSIONIST.

III.

FOURTH DECADE—1871 TO 1878.

SEVEN completed years of this final decade have resulted in large additions to almost all departments of our sphere of operations. At home a great impulse has been given by the opening of the new line of railway by the Midland Company, between Settle and Carlisle, giving freedom to Scottish arrangements and opening a side-door to the English Lakes district, which has enabled us to organise an entirely new and exhaustive system of tourist tickets, to be used in connection with Scotch, Irish, or Isle of Man tours, or alone. In the west of England, a similar arrangement has been made, by which the chief points of tourist interest, from Bristol to the Land's End and the Isles of Scilly, are covered by tickets of our own arrangement, and an arrangement with the Great Western Railway Company gives us free access to the Channel Islands and to North and South Wales. From one point or other, every available route across the English Channel is open to us. For the new Flushing route we have a special agency, and thus have increased command of the best routes to Holland, the Hague, and all parts of Germany.

The Vienna Exhibition of 1873 strengthened our position with Austria, and opened up to us the line of the Danube. For that Exhibition we were able to effect very liberal arrangements for British exhibitors and their *employés*, which was acknowledged by the British Royal Commission in very complimentary terms.

Still looking northward, we have had the satisfaction of completing arrangements for tourist tickets for the whole region of Scandinavia, from Hamburg to Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, and all chief Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish railways and steamers, to the North Cape, with an extension also by the Gulf of Finland to St. Petersburg. I have myself visited the central points to see the working of these Scandinavian arrangements, and to get a general idea of the attractions of the routes.

Tours to Spain were necessarily suspended during the troubles of the civil war, but last year our arrangements were restored, and Mr. John M. Cook accompanied a large party to all the principal cities and tourist districts, and these arrangements we hope to continue and improve. Portugal has also been included in the programmes of Spanish tours.

For Algeria, Sicily, Malta, and other islands of the Mediterranean, we have complete ticket combinations.

Our Eastern tours have gone on with much regularity during the war, though the numbers of Palestine travellers have fallen off in the last and present seasons. Our numbers of Palestine travellers have varied, according to seasons and circumstances, from 70 to 220, and the same may be said of the Nile, where the steamers of the Khedive are now plying under our arrangements for the tenth season, for three of which a steamer has been placed at our service between the First and Second Cataracts.

Our agents have also opened at Luxor an hotel and sanatorium, which promises to be of great service to those who wish to tarry in the locality of Karnak and Thebes. Our whole arrangements for the East are very complete for all the routes from Sinai to Petra, and through the Desert to and through

Palestine, with extensions to Moab and the Hauran, Palmyra, and all accessible places beyond Damascus. Our aim has been to make Palestine travel as safe, as easy, as pleasant, and as useful as circumstances will permit. From fifty to a hundred ministers of the gospel have availed themselves of our arrangements, either as independent or personally-conducted travellers, and our present Palestine representative is a man much esteemed by the best English and American visitors to the Holy Land. Rolla Floyd, the last of the Jaffa colonists, is a man of great energy, uniform courtesy, and "mighty in the Scriptures," so far as they relate to the history of sites and places of Biblical note. Our great aim in connection with Palestine travel has been to assimilate it as much as possible to English and American taste and custom, and to subject it to the control of English law instead of Arab irresponsibility and rude coercion. Of our travellers during the ten years now nearly past, at least five hundred have been ladies. I have myself spent the best of eight travelling seasons in the country, which now seems as familiar to me as Scotland. My son has also made several visits to the country, uniting with me in plans of effective control. In no country was efficient management more absolutely required to give confidence and comfort to strangers, and a deep sense of obligation has rested upon us in the control of these Palestine arrangements.

With Palestine tours we have always combined, when time would permit, hasty trips to Ephesus, a week in Constantinople, and a week at Athens, with pleasant sailing among the "Isles of Greece."

From east to west is a journey of easy transition, and I continue my notes of America. I have already told of efforts and failures across the Atlantic, but a new phase of American interest opened in 1871, when a company of over forty Knights Templars from Alleghany were brought under our European arrangements by Sir Knight Jenkins, one of their own order. So impressed was Mr. Jenkins with the practicability of American-European travel and international tours, that he proposed to cast in his lot with us in an Anglo-American co-partnership, and the firm of Cook, Son, and Jenkins was established in New York, with branch offices in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, and with several agencies in other parts of the States. I had a great idea of affording facilities to the public school teachers of America for spending their vacation in Europe. A programme was issued, and Mr. Jenkins worked it up to a great success. In 1873 we had a party of 150 teachers and friends, who were conducted in four sections, from London to France, Switzerland, Italy, Vienna (for the Exhibition), Holland, and Belgium. The start was a great success, and but for the commercial calamities that followed, which led to great reductions of teachers' salaries, that success might have been continued and magnified, but the four subsequent vacations have only yielded diminished numbers, the highest being about half that of 1863. But many other parties have been organised for tours to and from America; a system of tourist tickets has been arranged that covers the best lines of both the United States and Canada, and a great tourist and travelling business is now

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conducted by Mr. Jenkins, and a special office has been opened at Ludgate Circus for the transaction of American business. Besides making several other trips to the States, I spent the summer of 1876 at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in an attractive building that we erected on the ground of the Exhibition, denominated "The World's Ticket Office," from which tickets were issued for most parts of the world. The fruits of that establishment we fairly hope to realise in connection with the Paris Exhibition of the present year.

The culmination of these arrangements of thirty-eight years' growth is the establishment of an annual tour, under personal escort, round the world. In 1872-3, I made, as I had so often done on minor occasions, an exploratory tour round the globe. I took the route of the great Pacific Railroads across the American Continent, crossed the Pacific Ocean from California to Japan, sailed over the glorious Inland Sea of Japan to Shanghai, thence to Hong Kong, Singapore, and through the Straits of Malacca, and by the Bay of Bengal to Ceylon, and from Point de Galle to Madras and Calcutta; spent a month in traversing about 2,500 miles in India, chiefly in the north-west, as far as Delhi; called at Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares, Allahabad, and other places *en route* to Bombay, from whence I sailed to Aden and Suez, and then travelled through Egypt and Palestine, coming homeward by Constantinople, Athens, Corfu, Trieste, North Italy, and France to Fleet Street, a journey of 19,000 miles by sea, and 9,000 miles by land, in 222 days, accompanied by nine travelling companions. This tour, with various additions, has been repeated annually by one or other of our travelling conductors, and many complete sets of tickets have been furnished to independent travellers, either going the same way, or by Australia, instead of China or Japan. Here I might stop, but another paragraph is still required to give a complete view of our travelling facilities.

No longer a system of excursions and tours only, our tickets for independent ordinary travel, by sea and land, up and down and round the world, are sought by travellers of every class. A part of our Ludgate Circus Office is appropriated to the issue of the ordinary tickets of various companies, including the Midland, London and Brighton, Great Eastern, Chatham and Dover, and connecting lines of each. Here all the tickets of these companies can be had without the pressure too often experienced at crowded railway-stations. It is no longer necessary for large parties to travel together to secure the advantages that we offer; single, return, circular, and all sorts of travelling tickets, with or without hotel coupons, may be had at any time.

The pioneering work of the first and second decades has been followed, and in many cases imitated by railway and other companies, whose combinations apply to all the health resorts and tourist districts of coast, lake, and land. But amid all the changes of policy, the strategy of competition, and the jealousies of rivals, our position has never been seriously shaken; through good times and bad times of trade and finance, our progress has been onward, receipts increasing with the extension of the system, and friends augmenting in numbers daily. I judge that at least seven millions of long or short journeys have been made under these arrangements, and I do not remember to have heard of the loss of one of our passengers by accident to special or ordinary trains.

I set out with the intention of adding to this long narration a few chapters of facts and incidents of travel, with especial reference to tours personally conducted, and of travelling companions, from the village school boy or girl to archbishops and gentlemen and ladies of high degree. The highest encomium I ever received in this great public work was that of a frequent travelling companion, "Here comes the man of many friends." Of many of those friends I should like to speak. Of the 5,000 Sunday scholars that accompanied me to Derby in 1843; of 5,000 more that I took to Birmingham in a single party; of the 3,000 little folk that I took 130 miles and back to see the first and greatest of all the great Exhibitions; of thousands of children that I took from Newcastle to Edinburgh on a Scottish educational course; of merry parties of young ladies from a scholastic institution at Darlington, whom I had the honour of escorting to the scenes of the "Lady of the Lake" and the land of Rob Roy,—amongst these and thousands more are many pleasant memories which it would be a feast to revive. It may be that the jovial town clerk of a Yorkshire municipality still lives who, more than thirty years ago, handed to me a card from a carriage at the York station, on which he had written as he crossed the Border:—

"Thomas Cook, my boy,
Through the means that you employ,
We've been able to enjoy
Pleasure without alloy,
And nothing to annoy,
In the country of Rob Roy."

At present my leisure hours at Sorrento are nearly ended, and if I again am asked to contribute to the pages of the "Leisure Hour," it must be after the active duties of the Paris Exhibition are discharged.

Varieties.

HOMES FOR WORKING BOYS.—Among the philanthropic agencies which at this season of the year attract attention, a place should be found for the Homes for Working Boys. There are now several such institutions established in London and in other cities, which not only deserve support, but need extension. At a conference of managers recently held, the conviction was unanimously expressed that more of these Homes are needed, if the work of reformation commenced in the Industrial Schools is to be continued, and the boys prevented from drifting into low lodging-houses; the experience of those present being that boys, when they first go to work, are, as a rule, able to earn enough to find themselves in food, but not enough to board and lodge themselves respectably—that it is, in short, necessary, by charitable means, to provide lodging, domestic management, and Christian influence for these lads. In this view all must concur who have any knowledge of the question. If any one doubts the usefulness of such institutions, all hesitation would be removed by such a visit as we recently paid to the City Home in Spital Square. The fine old mansion, probably once the residence of some wealthy merchant, with its spacious rooms and carved oak fireplaces, could not have been put to better use. There are now fifty-two boys located in this Home. We saw them all assembled in their commodious lecture-room, bright and cheerful-looking after their day's work. Here they meet for various purposes, and can enjoy the use of a good library, or such games as chess and draughts, or even the music of their own brass and reed band. They have a spacious breakfast and supper room. The bedrooms are clean and airy, each boy having his separate couch and private locker. Below stairs is a small gymnasium. The boys pay full price for their food, and also a proportion of their wages every week for their lodgings. Every boy has to pay a weekly sum, varying from 1s. to 2s., according to the amount of his weekly wages. He also has

to pay a small amount, if he can afford it, for his washing. Food is supplied by the superintendent to each boy for 4s. 6d. per week, but of course those who are better off are able to purchase additional food, either in the Home or elsewhere. A self-reliant and independent spirit is thus fostered. In addition to these advantages of shelter and comfort, the boys enjoy the still greater benefit of a healthful moral atmosphere; nor is religious instruction wanting. On week days they are always expected to be in for prayers by 9.30 p.m., and also to attend school on Monday and Wednesday, when classes are taken by gentlemen interested in their welfare. On Tuesday night a Bible-class is held. On Sundays the boys attend a neighbouring church; during the afternoon they go where they like, having also the privilege once a month of spending the whole day with their friends; but they are all expected to be in by seven o'clock, when a service, or rather a Bible-class is held in the Home. The chief desire of those engaged in this work has been to train up these boys not merely that they may earn their livelihood and become respectable members of society, but that they may, by God's grace, be made heirs of His everlasting kingdom. The life histories of some of these lads appeal to our Christian sympathy. There is still a very large class of boys in the metropolis who have no parents or homes, and yet are unassisted by any institution. The boys we speak of vary in age from thirteen to eighteen, and cannot be properly ranked with the waifs and strays of the streets; many of them have been most respectably brought up, and have obtained good situations, but having had the misfortune to lose their parents, or been brought up in the country and having migrated to London to find employment, have no place within reach of their work which they can call home. There are others, too, who, from an early age, have been inmates of Orphanages or Industrial Schools, and who, when they go out into the world and begin to earn their own livelihood, have either no relatives to take care of them, or, which is often the case, such relatives as will do them more harm than good, and destroy in a very short time all the benefits which they have received in the early part of their career. Such boys as these may be counted by thousands in London, and for them very little provision is made, except in the common lodging-houses. What wonder is it that they are in many cases ruined both in body and soul? Prevention is better than cure; and while we do not neglect the outcast and destitute, there can be no better work than the endeavour by wise Christian oversight to start these boys on the right path. But what shall be said for the working girls of London who are similarly placed at the beginning of life? The conclusion applies to their case still more strongly. A committee of ladies and gentlemen has been formed with a view to opening a Home for Working Girls, on a similar plan to that we have described for boys. We wish them all success, and a speedy realisation of the necessary funds.

AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE.—I am not aware, and it would be affectation in me to deny it, that I have a public reputation to leave to posterity; but it has been earned with difficulty. If I were to live my life over again, with my present experiences, I would, under no circumstances, and from no considerations, allow myself to enter public life. The public are ungrateful. The man who serves the public most faithfully receives no adequate reward. In my own history those acts which have been, before God, the most disinterested and the least stained by selfish considerations, have been precisely those for which I have been most freely abused. No, no! have nothing to do with politics, sell your iron, eat the bread of independence, support your family with the rewards of honest toil, do your duty as a private citizen to your country, but let politics alone. It is a hard life, a thankless life.—*Daniel Webster.*

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—No Exhibition was ever designed on a grander scale, and none have more completely realised the conceptions of the artists who planned them. When we reflect that it is only two years and one month ago since the Exhibition was decreed, and that now a very city of palaces and gardens rises on the Champs de Mars and on the heights of the Trocadéro, which were then bleak wildernesses, one must acknowledge that the creative resources of man are infinite. The towering masses of architecture, the profusion of art work, painting, sculpture, decoration, the fountains and flowers, and the accumulated stores of industrial treasures, all produce an effect which is at first full of dazzle, and then humbling. One thinks of what men might do to make this earth of ours fair and pleasant, if they would labour in peace for a hundred years without cutting one another's throats. All the marvels of this Exhibition have been collected for less than a tithe of what it costs to prosecute the cheapest war. With the sum which the

French paid for their last tussle with Germany they might have erected as permanencies in their land hundreds of those beautiful and useful buildings of which we see here the models. There are plans of schools, hospitals, asylums, bridges, and it puts me out of patience with human folly to think that many of these necessary works, for which busy districts are clamouring, cannot be executed because the State moneys are required for the purchase of big guns and fortresses. The cannons are the dearest things in this collection of wonders. There are one or two ugly 80-tons, like mammoth champagne bottles of steel, which cost more than a whole row of model cottages, and which will doubtless prove more expensive still before their career is ended. If Exhibitions serve any purpose beyond sight-seeing it ought to be that of leading men to moralise on the queer distemper which urges whole races to destroy where they might build, and to scatter misery where they might establish peace, plenty, and comfort.—*Daily News.*

O'SULLIVAN AND EAU SULLIVAN.—In the House of Commons, in the debate about Sunday closing in Ireland, a distinguished member of the temperance party openly broke the pledge amid the laughter of the House. Mr. O'Sullivan, the representative of "silent whisky," was perorating, when Mr. Sullivan (without the O), wishing to prepare to follow in the debate, thought it well to take a pull at Mr. O'Sullivan's tumbler, which contained, as he thought, only water. It was half whisky; the wry face and desumptory gestures of the hon. and teetotal member, when he discovered his mistake, convulsed the House.

THE WRONG SIDE OF FIFTY.—Mr. Venn, of Huddersfield, while riding on the road fell in company with a traveller who seemed also to be a clergyman. The stranger, looking in his face, said, "Sir, I think you are on the wrong side of fifty!" "On the wrong side of fifty?" answered Mr. Venn. "No, sir, I am on the right side of fifty." "Surely," replied the stranger, "you must have turned fifty?" "Yes, sir," said Venn, "but I am on the right side of fifty, for I am nearer my home in heaven." The reply rather damped the conversation, as the stranger evidently little understood the frame of his companion's mind.

QUEENSLAND.—Queensland has entered upon the nineteenth year of her existence. It was on the 10th of December, 1859, that the northern portion of New South Wales, from the 29th parallel of latitude to the Gulf of Carpentaria and Cape York, was proclaimed a colony with a responsible Government. The population of Queensland has increased during the eighteen years from 23,000 to nearly 200,000. The limits of settlement at the time of separation did not extend northwards beyond Rockhampton and the Dawson River, and had scarcely penetrated the interior, even in the southern district, more than 200 miles westwards from Brisbane; but now settlement has spread to York Peninsula and the Gulf of Carpentaria, and has touched and even crossed the far western boundary inland. Adelaide papers say that one-third of the northern territory is being taken up by the people of Queensland. To pastoral settlement, with which this colony started, has been added agriculture; some 90,000 to 100,000 acres of land are now returned as under crop, and sugar-planting has developed into an important and permanent industry. Mining, also, which had scarcely an existence in this colony at the date of separation, is now carried on extensively for gold, copper, tin, and other metals, besides coal, and the annual yield of gold alone is now worth considerably more than one million sterling.—*Brisbane Courier.*

ENGLAND'S WEALTH.—While the population has rather more than doubled since the beginning of the century, the aggregate income has rather more than quadrupled. The assessments to the income-tax in Great Britain in 1815 were about £130,000,000 annually, the assessments then reaching a lower stratum than they now do; but in 1875 these assessments were £536,000,000, or quite four times what they were sixty years ago. It may be said, of course, that the income-tax is no fair representation of the growth of wealth, but the reply is that whether we take the legacy duty or any other test the result is still the same. The capital annually subject to legacy duty about 1815 was between 25 and 30 millions sterling; it is now in Great Britain alone about £100,000,000 sterling. The estimates of national capital show a like progress. The national estate could be valued at little over £2,000,000,000 sixty years ago. According to Mr. Giffen's estimate in a paper lately read by him at the Statistical Society, the value of the capital possessed by the people of the United Kingdom is £8,500,000,000, and this estimate is pronounced by the best statistical authority to be probably under and not over the mark.

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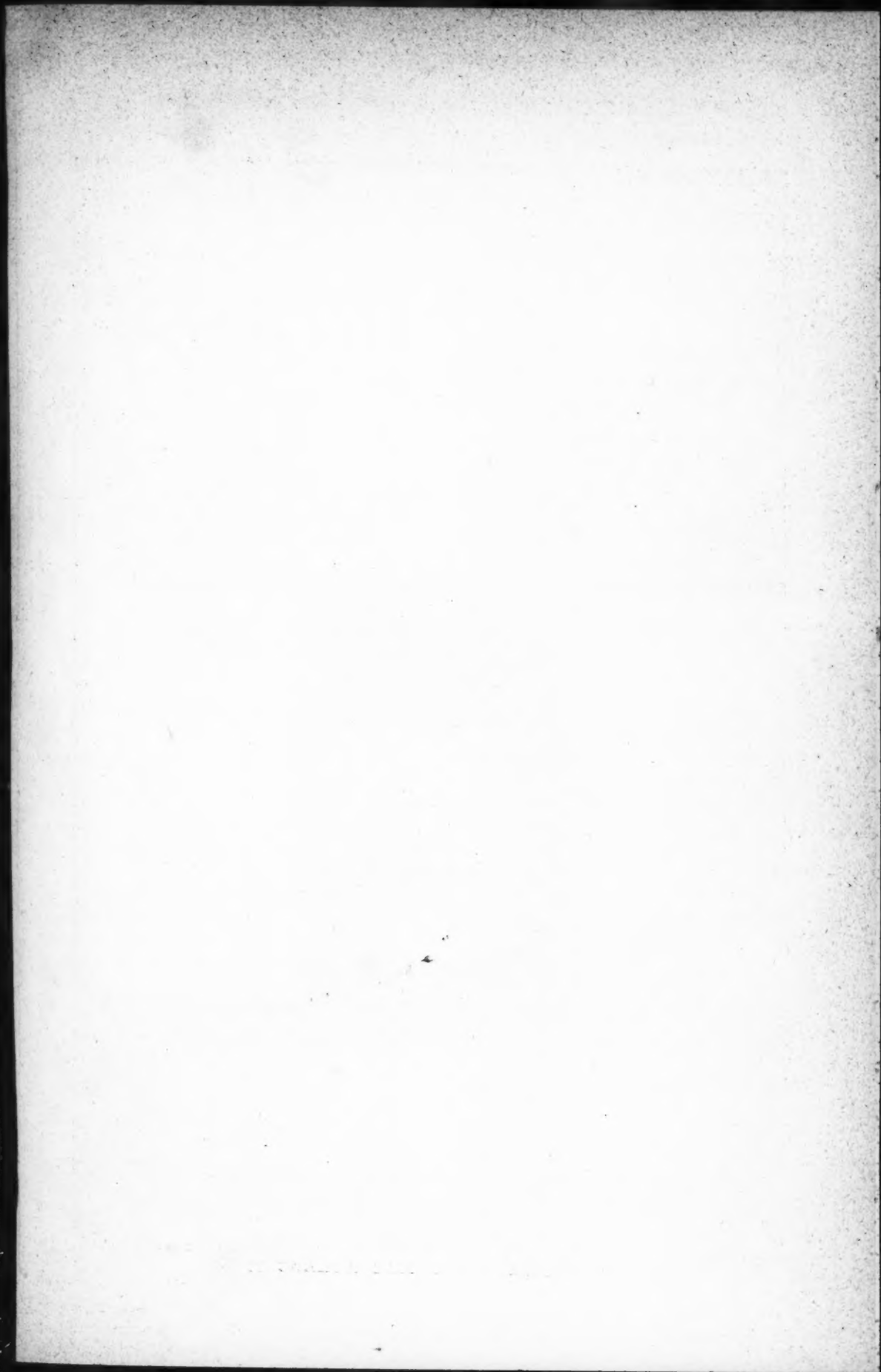
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